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Exodus from Czechoslovakia

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

And the Egyptians were urgent upon the people, that they might send them out of the land in haste; . . . they were thrust out of Egypt, and could not tarry, neither had they prepared for themselves any victual. . . . And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light; to go by day and night; he took not away the pillar of the cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, from before the people.

—*Exodus* 12.33,39; 13.21,22.

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CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

Israel the New World Wonder

Dear Friends of Israel:-

You are sure to enjoy God's prosperity, because you love His people Israel (Psalm 122.6). You are in love with "bones." Don't smile. Read Ezekiel 37.1-5.

Agnes Scott Kent, the Canadian journalist, has visited Florida. She writes with enthusiasm of Jean Rhode and her battle for "the bones" (Israel). During her stage career Jean had the world's opinion of the despised "bones." Later, in Poland years ago, I watched her loving ministry to Israel. And in the Holy Land, Dr. Yuk is proving that the American-European Fellowship can arouse these dry bones "from death to life," through the proclamation of the love of Israel's Redeemer and true Messiah.

Years ago Pastor Bernhard Götze was sent with me from Warsaw to Rovno. He was to be my interpreter and travelling companion on a missionary journey. The weather was bitterly cold, and the snowdrifts were very deep. In Rovno we had great Russian meetings, and many Jews attended. Two Hebrew Christians were in charge. A sudden emergency compelled Brother Götze to return home, leaving me in the care of these Jewish brethren. Oh, what experiences we had! Sleeping in armchairs, and sometimes on the floor. But I kept my eyes and ears open. They were good linguists, and they knew prophecy. I learned of the coming New World Wonder,—how the Jews would return to Palestine. This was before the rise of Hitler in Germany. I thank God for the searching lessons learned from the 37th chapter of Ezekiel.

When I was a small boy I was taken secretly to witness a theatrical performance, where one clever comedian gave a unique performance with bones. He imitated many personalities, with special musical accompaniments, and this appealed to my boyish imagination. After saving my pennies, I bought some bones from a music-store. I was led into stage sensationalism, and into Satan's prison-house. After my conversion in Baltimore, later in life, I kept a set of bones as souvenirs.

Today the newspapers everywhere describe the "dry bones" coming to life. We need to pray for Israel, and to declare, "My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved." Pray for the vision of an "exceeding great army" (Ezekiel 37.10). What a thrilling sight it will be!

Yours, looking for Messiah's Appearing,

F. SPENCER JOHNSON.

Eldon House, Croydon, England.

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Exodus from Czechoslovakia

THE GROUP IN ZNOJMO AT PARTING

Since the beginning of this year, the Communist government of Czechoslovakia has moved at a rapid pace to cut its people's traditionally strong ties to the West. Newspaper men, foreign missionaries, and legation representatives have been expelled. The Czech government has demanded that the United States reduce the size of its embassy and consular staffs by two-thirds. Accordingly, forty of the sixty American consular and embassy employees have been ordered to leave the country.

This movement in world affairs has had its repercussion upon the work of the American-European Fellowship. After months of uncertainty—during which we were, humanly speaking, more anxious than we cared to let our readers know—we received the information, just in time to publish it in our previous issue, that our beloved missionaries, Charles and Edna Lukesh, had safely left Czechoslovakia and had found an asylum in Switzerland. Is not this an exodus reminding us, in miniature, of the night when the children of Israel fled in haste from Egypt, eating unleavened bread, because they had no time to prepare it properly?

The regulations compelled Charles and Edna to leave behind most of their equipment, lovingly assembled through many years; and, more tragically, their adopted daughter Tabitha, she being a Czech girl and they being American citizens (Edna by birth, Charles by naturalization). The seriousness of Tabitha's situation may be understood if we remember that another of our missionaries—now happily relocated on this side of the world—left a daughter behind the Iron Curtain, who now hardly dares to communicate with him, and whose name and location we must not even print here. Are we to be bereaved of our children while they are yet living?

The whole situation calls for our most fervent prayer. The picture above, sent us from Switzerland, was taken shortly before Brother and Sister Lukesh departed from Znojmo. He is in the center of the last row, and she is at the extreme right; we do not seem to find Tabitha in the picture. The following extracts from their letters, from Tabitha's, and from those of converts whom they perforce left behind in Czechoslovakia, will picture the conditions for you in graphic detail.

Bibelheim, Beatenberg, Switzerland, April 10, 1950.

Dear Ruth:-

Trust you will forbear our tardiness in writing, when you consider that we have come out from behind the "Iron Curtain" but two weeks ago, and have not had the grass grow under our feet since. Neither have we found a heated place to stay or a typewriter to use, and with the pencil, writing is an impractical job to do on a knee!

What has been anticipated for some time has come to pass—that the Czech government will stop all foreign missionary work. Of course that put us out too. We stayed as long as possible, till it meant endangering my U. S. citizenship. I might have been willing to risk even that, but the sacrifice would have been useless. Now we must depend on the faithfulness of those remaining behind, to "carry on" as long as possible.

Our holding on cost us dearly in several ways. We found out too late that if we wished to take more of our things, we should have applied a long time ahead, so that the matter could be passed through the necessary offices. This applied particularly to the mechanical equipment, three typewriters, two duplicators (small and full size), bicycles, cameras, and anything in that line. So long as these things can remain in the use of our friends, we do not regret leaving them behind. One thing we did manage to take along was the folding organ, which will be helpful in further work, in the refugee camps, if the Lord permits. The last week was a great turmoil, making lists of everything, to be presented to the authorities for approval. The packing had to be done under the supervision of three customs officers, who searched every seam in our clothing, to see if it did not have any hidden thing in it. Besides, I had to sign an iron-clad declaration about not trying to hide anything.

It was with some anticipation that we started on our last trip to Prague, to get the passports and permit to pass through Germany, and finally pass the last scrutiny of the baggage at the border. Tabitha and another friend accompanied us to the last station, and took the local money we had left with them, as we were not allowed to take it across the border. The last farewell was said at a distance, for after we had been searched, we were not allowed to come near our friends, lest they might pass something to us secretly.

Once across the border, we missed the arrogant actions of the officials, and found great readiness to help on the part of everybody, though it was after midnight. Then began the search for the proper contacts for visitation of the refugee camps. This meant riding back and forth between various cities, but we have a reasonable hope that it was not in vain. We also succeeded in entering one of the camps, where we talked to some, mostly children. The older ones are too busy in sports, which include quarreling and fighting among the various factions. Though in the same plight, they will not unite for the common weal.

We have had a few days' rest over the Easter holidays, at a Bible conference at the Bibelheim, in Beatenberg, Switzerland. It is high in the mountains, facing the famous "Jungfrau" group, which can be seen in clear weather. Here I have the first opportunity of writing on a typewriter, since we had to leave ours behind. I also had an opportunity, last night, to present a report on Czechoslovakia to over 400 people attending the conference. We hope to stay here, through the kindness of the management, off and on, as we try to contact various people.

Some day, if it please the Lord that we should get a bit settled and have some of the baggage which we salvaged at hand, we hope to write up some inside views of what was once Czechoslovakia, from notes and clippings of the past. That is no small task, and could not be undertaken while we have no steady place to stay. In the meanwhile, we just have to spend the available time in maintaining contacts with our former charges there, as our sudden departure left them somewhat puzzled. Tabitha wrote that Miss Hollas even underwent a slight stroke, but after seeing the first letter from us, she revived. Tabitha herself, who took the letter to her room, returned it the next day, saying that if she kept weeping over it, it would soon become unreadable, as it was merely written with pencil. She writes how much she misses the help and advice that she had, and how she several times has run into our room, forgetting that we had been gone two weeks. She is very lonesome for us, and shortly she is to have the graduation examinations, which are complicated by their changing the subjects, the stress being laid on political matters. She claims to trust the Lord, though her mind is greatly agitated by the parting. She writes that it breaks her heart not to hear our voices any more, and that she wishes she could at least look at us with a telescope.

We did not know that you had been at the foot of the "Jungfrau." Looking toward that mountain from Interlaken, you have Thuner-see at the right, hidden by a mountain. Just back of that one, eight hundred meters above the lake, is Beatenberg. The view is excellent when clear; even the lower mountains have snow on them, and the higher ones, of course, are all white. We have had snow several times, even to the lake. It is inspiring to see the handiwork of God, but more so to consider the souls, saved for eternity. If it please the Lord, and my passport can be arranged for, we would like to continue working, till He comes.

Idleness in the refugee camps makes all hands the tools of the devil. In a German camp, seen in the distance, the painted houses show a neat appearance, while the Czech camp looks disreputable, and some barracks have even been broken up for firewood. There are now over two thousand persons there, including eighty unmarried girls, and some twenty to thirty new arrivals added daily, so that soon there will be no room left. If no new appropriation is made by the United States for the maintenance of these camps, and if the Germans have to take over the burden, great changes can be expected. If they were to force the people back where they came from, it would mean the death of most of them, or at least long prison sentences with much suffering, and danger for friends and relatives. The prisoners are made to tell anything the inquisitor wants them to tell. Seeing these circumstances, we are anxious to do anything we can to help.

Even here, in Switzerland, we have tried to contact various sources of information in an effort to cut the "red tape" short. That means travelling, as letters do not bring a ready response. And that means expenses, which, as well as the general cost of living, are high. While we had our dwelling and room for meetings, we did not feel it so acutely. But we could not take that along, nor our equipment, which we are missing already, and will miss it more when we are again established in a settled work. Should we, as it is hoped, have access to several camps, that also would add to the travelling; nor can we live in the camp itself. I trust you understand our position. We hope it will inspire you to pray that we may soon be able to reach some of the souls, ere it be too late. We need upholding for strength, guidance, official permits, and grace to reach the hearts, while they are pliable. The hardened ones are difficult to reach. We appreciate your past interest, and trust you will bear us up also in the future.

Tabitha writes us: "Thank you for the letter and pictures; they are very beautiful. Also for the other three matters for the Daily Vacation Bible School. In the meantime, do not send anything more! When I know whether it is all right to send, I shall write you. I am here, for the time being, alone; really with the Lord Jesus. Better to write briefly. Tomorrow I have one more written exam. It is not so terrible. Please pray for me. Good-bye, Tabitha."

It would be too lengthy to tell you all that we read between the lines of that letter. Our last communication to her had evidently been subjected to rigid inspection. Therefore it would be best if you do not write to her, or send any packages, as it apparently is not best for her to have any contacts abroad. She is supplied with all necessities, for the present. If there is anything you can do for Tabitha, we will be free to let you know. As it is, the curtain is being drawn close, and the less contact she has from abroad, the better. The best thing we can do now is to pray for those who are left there. It is an unpleasant situation, not to be able to say or do things with the best of intentions, but that is the system, to kill out all foreign influence.

We have just received the following letter from one of our converts in Znojmo: "In my prayers, thoughts, and every time I raise my heart to God, I cannot help but think of you. I thank God more and more profoundly that He has granted me, through you, to know His redemption, salvation and promises, His calling, His working in me, His love, of which I am increasingly conscious. I wanted to write you on Thursday, but that evening I experienced a precious and joyful event. Miss Mary, who lives in the house with us, came into our home with the Bible, and confessed that she should after all have accepted your help in order to know and understand it. The knowledge that I received from you I am giving her.

" I think the others, Tabitha and Miss Hollas, have written about our services. With the help and blessing of the Lord, we have enjoyed gatherings around the Word on several evenings. Though our meditations were simple, yet there was much strengthening for the soul. Like orphans, we drew nigh to God. Your departure is for us a school in testings and trials. Your admonitions, Mr. Pastor, spur us to deeper life, and we take them more seriously Now I understand better how that even the unlearned disciples of Christ could preach the Gospel. When I first had the privilege of preparing a message for the services, I experienced how wonderful it is to lift the thoughts in prayer to God, and let Him lead, and His Holy Spirit: to be tenderly responsive to His inspiration: own thoughts and self fall aside, and the result is precious surrender. I find comfort in the Lord, and I am looking forward with joy to meeting Him. Yours by grace, George."

We trust you will continue to remember us before the Throne of Grace, that all things may turn out to His honor and glory.

In His glad service, yours,

CHARLES and EDNA LUKESH.

There is coming another and greater day of parting, when two men shall be in the field, two women grinding at the mill, and the one shall be taken, and the other left. In that day, the only possessions we can take with us will be the things we have given away. We have opportunity today to prepare for that journey. We can now send funds to the Lukeshes in Switzerland. They have been under great expense for their sudden journey and their present efforts to establish a new work. "They that preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel."

A Conference Blessed by God

St. Petersburg, Florida, May 15, 1950.

Dear Friends:-

It gives me pleasure to share with you a little of what God's loving care and provision has meant recently for a long trip. The Southeastern Division of the Student Foreign Missions Fellowship of the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship met in conference at Toccoa, Georgia, this spring, from April 14th to 16th, and experienced the presence of the Lord in a wonderful way. As the representative of the American-European Fellowship, it was my great privilege to take part in one of the best conferences I have ever attended.

Satan worked hard, as usual, and subtly too, to hinder my going, especially the night before I had to start out on this trip of more than twelve hundred miles. Since the car had been "acting up" for several days, I gave up hope of driving, and thought of going some other way. Then there were several severe physical attacks, causing great weakness, one the very night before I had to leave. This attack caused alarming dreams, in which the enemy told me there would be a wreck, landing me in the swamps, and perhaps a robbery!

The source of the attacks was being realized by this time. The Word came to me that Satan is a liar from the beginning. I told him so. I got enough sleep and strength to determine to drive. The Lord undertook in a wonderful way. Later I realized that the enemy was out to hinder the great blessing the Lord had in store for us. I reached my destination in good time, though in my weariness I had left my purse with my glasses and the money behind. The money was wired in time to meet all expenses, but the glasses got broken in the mail. How wonderfully the Lord overruled.

Along the way there were opportunities to witness and distribute literature. At a filling station two boys professed to accept the Lord as their personal Saviour when they were shown from the Word of God their need of doing so. When I offered the Gospel of John to one of them, the other promptly asked to have a copy too. In Atlanta, Georgia, the Lord led a dear friend of the work to open her lovely home and arrange a service for me to present the good work of the American-European Fellowship. The meeting had God's blessing upon it, since it was possible to minister sympathetically. Invitations were extended to return to speak and also to visit in the home. How really gracious Southern hospitality is! It is wonderful when ministered in the Name of the Lord.

I then drove on to Toccoa, where there was time for a little rest before the opening of the Conference. Then the leaders and missionaries gathered for prayer and consultation. There was liberty and a fine spirit manifested. We got off to a good start. Later that evening the missionaries were given five minutes each to tell of their fields of labor. Speaking briefly of the work in Europe before the war, I emphasized how wonderfully the Lord had caused the American-European Fellowship to continue its ministry there and in Palestine afterwards, under the able and splendid ministry of Dr. Catherine Ruth Smith, our present Secretary-Treasurer. When the leading speaker brought the message that evening, there was a hush. All were conscious of the presence of God. The same spirit prevailed in the prayer group put in my charge that evening, and remained in the one held the following night.

Each morning the students were divided for Bible study and discussion, with a missionary representative in charge of each group. The Bible Basis of Missions was the theme of our studies, and proved a blessing to us all. It was a joy to witness the eagerness of the young college men and women in my group, and have the encouragement of the expression of their appreciation. The praise belongs to the Lord. He did it all. His strength was made perfect in my weakness. A goodly number of the students were attracted to our literature table; it was delightful to see the way the material appealed to them.

By the second evening, nearly a thousand young people were in attendance at the meetings. They were serious-minded young folk, seeking the will of the Lord for their life's service. More young men than women had come. It was a glorious sight to behold them. The fine, thoughtful singing, under the leadership of a consecrated young man and his talented wife at the piano, contributed much to the gatherings. There was nothing of the loud, boisterous singing so often "worked up" by leaders, but there were beautiful voices, well-balanced and harmonious, and used for the glory of God. There was also deep searching of hearts. What the results will be, only the Lord knows. Before the Conference ended, most seemed conscious of the refreshing power of the presence of the Lord. Truly, a mountain-top experience had been granted us.

The return trip was without mishap, though a fan-belt broke and I had to drive, humanly speaking, alone through a blinding storm a good part of the way. Dear friends, His will is sweet indeed. In it He ever abideth faithful.

Lovingly yours in Him,

JEAN RHODE.

The Seed Is the Word of God

Dear praying friends:-

"Now he that supplieth seed to the sower, and bread for eating, will supply and multiply your seed for sowing, and cause to grow your fruits of righteousness."—II Corinthians 9.10 (Rotherham).

These verses have had a real meaning and message for me during a rich time of sowing the Living Word in many places. Years ago, when we first began to sow in Paris, I asked the director of the American Express Company if I might evangelize in that great building. It was quite an experience to witness to the hundreds of fine employees, of various walks and languages. Only a few refused the Gospel offered, most of them accepted it and paid attention. This brought me into contact with the director, and he always met me with all the courtesy of French etiquette. During the difficult war days he was a counsellor to me, and even kept my most valuable papers and things in his own safety-box. One day when we stood face to face, and I had occasion to thank him for his kindness and help, I indicated that I would love to give him something, the most precious thing that I possessed; and he understood and answered: "The Bible." He accepted one in the English language, and has been reading it ever since.

During my last visit to Paris, when I one day entered the Bank, the director came over to greet me, and as we chatted, I inquired how he enjoyed the Book. "Very much," he replied, "but I would like to have a French one." This he got, with some helpful books to enable him to under-

stand its message better. His first assistant, an unusually attractive and quiet young American gentleman, who always greets me as a friend, is also reading the Word, and that very day two others asked for a New Testament.

Down in Lyon, where we have been privileged to visit several banks and business concerns, with the one object of witnessing and sowing, we have had similar experiences. In one of them, in the department which handles foreign currency, the man in charge rose up when I entered the other day—he evidently was happy to see me—and said, "I have been wondering if you had left; I have many questions to ask you about the Bible." And there we sat at his desk and found answers in the Bible to all his questions. We spoke about the times in which we live, the soon coming of the Lord, and so many other pressing needs for a true Christian. He told me of his family, his son and daughter in college, and their need of the true Light. On a bus-ride I handed a tract to a Jew next to me; he became interested and invited me to his home, and there has been an open door to that fine family ever since. His son, an advocate, accepted a Bible. With a group of young Frenchmen we had an offensive—that is, we brought the Word of God into every home and hamlet in this district, and after this we had new inquirers.

Dr. Cooper of the Biblical Research Society stopped in Paris on his way home from Palestine. It was a real treat to have fellowship with him—he had so much to tell and teach from the Land and the people, in the light of the Word of God. Two days we walked together in the big city of Paris. Dr. Cooper took pictures of the many monuments and historical buildings, to use in his conference work, and we sowed and talked with many all along the way. In the Latin Quarter, with the Sorbonne, the Panthéon, where the famous men of France are resting, the glorious Luxembourg Park, swarming with students of many nationalities, we walked and we talked to as many as possible. A fine Hindu, who told me that he was a disciple of Tagore, accepted the Gospel of John. The Moslems are here in many, many thousands, to study, and there is a large mosque. What a field for qualified workers! Just outside of Paris is the unique City Universitaire—a garden city of great beauty, where each nation has its own house *de luxe*. The Japanese is characteristic—it is like cherry blossoms. It was there that the students from Madagascar lived, the fine group whom we had the privilege to teach, and later bring over to a great conference at Beatenberg, in Switzerland. These young men are going on with the Lord.

Coming home to St. Péray, I found a stack of letters, and among them three from our converts. One from dear Ester, the Jewish girl, who miraculously was saved from the Gestapo. She is now in America, happy and grateful. She is faithful to the Lord and to us—she continues to call me mother. "We go to church, and my little boy and I go among the Jews to witness and to sing for them," she says. Then a convert from Paris, who was brought up in a Jesuit college, and who is now a true child of God, with deep interest in the Word. Another young man from Lyon is eager and longing for the things of God. These two wrote so beautifully, desiring to have more lessons, remembering gratefully the past. "If you cannot come to us, may we come to St. Péray?" So we praise the Lord together: He has answered our prayers, and caused to grow the fruit of righteousness.

Finally, dear fellow-workers, pray for us, that the Word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified, even as it is with you. We do rejoice in the great meetings that you have, with revival spirit. Personal greeting to each one of you in His Name.

Your happy fellow-worker in France,

TORDIS CHRISTOFFERSEN.

An Unsolicited Tribute

Dr. David L. Cooper, president of the Biblical Research Society (Los Angeles), returned recently from an important and blessed trip abroad, and on his journey homeward he stopped in Paris. Miss Christoffersen has spoken, in the preceding article, of her meeting with him there. But she did not know that he was to write these words, and publish them in his *Biblical Research Monthly* for May, 1950 (Vol. XV, No. 5, p. 84; used by permission):

"At Paris we had two meetings, which were most encouraging. Miss Christoffersen, whose name has appeared in the *Biblical Research Monthly* from time to time, is doing a magnificent piece of work in France. I have never seen a more self-sacrificing, devoted missionary than she. She is giving forth a clear, ringing testimony to the gospel of Christ, which is backed up by a life of devotion and loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ. . . .

"I have never been impressed by any missionary more than I have by Miss Christoffersen. She is wise and discreet, faithful and true, speaking the Word 'in season and out of season,' and seeking every opportunity to magnify the Lord Jesus and to reach souls for Christ. Her passion for souls and her constant sympathetic and appealing method of presenting Christ demonstrates that a life consecrated to the service of God is the one that really counts for spiritual and eternal things above all others."

A Rich Opportunity

The earnest appeal which was made in our previous issue, for additional funds for Miss Christoffersen, met with a warm response. It was evident that our friends are ready to follow the fortunes of our missionaries with a thinking love, and that they like to be taken a little behind the scenes, and have it pointed out to them which walls are tottering, and which roof-tree is ready to fall. It therefore seems to be the Lord's will that we should each time report to our readers any special need which may exist. We therefore lay upon your hearts the great work which is being done by our brother, Rev. Fred Stettler, in Switzerland and throughout Europe, and the fact that his fund at present is almost exhausted. Before you pray about this, read his stirring reports on the Gospel tent work and the distribution of Christian literature.

Biel-Mett, Switzerland, March 27, 1950.

Very dear friends of the Gospel tent mission:-

For some time we have been silent in regard to the third large Gospel tent you have sacrificially helped to provide. The tent has meanwhile crossed the Atlantic and arrived in Bremen, Germany. Just the other day the evangelist and Gospel tent manager wrote me of the work that is going on. I am sorry I was not able to acknowledge every gift that was given toward this third tent. May I do it now at so late a date. All the men have written me repeatedly how thankful they are for this wonderful provision. Thus I am happy to pass on their sincere thanks to you, who have made this possible by your sacrificial giving.

Just now they are doing their part in preparing the way for the *six* tours the tent is to make this summer. While it was your privilege to provide the outward "hull," the believers in Germany are to provide the inside

fittings, which will cost the equivalent of about five thousand dollars. This is a marvel, for you all know of the poverty in Germany. Let us thank God for this rallying and readiness and missionary-mindedness. The tent is to commence its service in the large city of Hannover. Here your gifts and your love join hands with the love of the believers in Europe, to go to battle against the forces of Satan. From Hannover the tent goes to Berlin-Schöneberg, Berlin-Charlottenburg, Berlin-Spandau, Berlin-Neuköln, Berlin-Tempelhof, six series of about three weeks each.

The Christian denominations are all working together. Men of some twenty denominations have gathered and are coöperating in this great work. Radio informs the people. The British commander promised an airplane to scatter handbills all over the surrounding districts. A half-million handbills have been printed. Propaganda wagons have been mobilized to reach every street, and billboards give Gospel messages and invitations throughout the area. As you might like to pray for the evangelists who are to give forth the Word of God, I will give you here the names for all five tents in operation: Dr. Mosalkow, Herrmann Hockema, Martin Klumbies, Friedrich Brinckart, Karl Dannert, Friedr. Sondheimer, Franz Lüllau, Hans Metzger, Adolf Kröger, Berd. von Viebahn. These are some of the foremost men of God that Germany has, who speak to the people with great power and authority.

Last year, in four Gospel tents, there was an attendance of approximately 700,000. This year the fifth tent, with some 1200 seats, goes into operation. May the Lord grant that it be the greatest year of all. With the blessing of God, hundreds and thousands will be restored and saved through the grace and the blood of the Lamb of God.

Beginning in May, all the evangelists, Gospel tent deacons, managers and helpers will meet in the Bible school at Wiedenest (Rheinland). Here they are to receive the last instructions. Here prayer is to be made. Here all are to come, for themselves first, under the searchlight of the Word of God. Here they are to humble themselves, and to confess and get right with God, before entering upon this great, holy mission. It will be a great time of sanctification and preparation, to deal with hundreds of sinners and saints. And for this purpose, the men of God themselves need clean hands and hearts and tables, if the Gospel proclamation is not to be an empty striking into the air. All this is now taking place, before the tents start to move out into the holy war. The times are very earnest indeed. Let us say: God willing! After men have done all in their power to meet God's conditions, we shall wait for nothing but action from on high. Indeed He has to speak, and He has something to say. Let us expect great things in the overflowing cities and the ruins of the cities, with their millions of population. God is able. Blessed be His Name! Back to God! Back to the Word of Truth, back to the foundations of our most holy faith, back to a personal and living religion, back to a life of godliness, back to God the Father through our Lord Jesus Christ.

(From a later letter, dated April 20th.) I have been spending two weeks giving a Bible course in the Oberlands. Twelve girls and seven boys, ready to graduate from school, were there. This was a strenuous time: daily six or seven hours of teaching, and much business, and nearly every evening a meeting of some kind. Now I am home again, trying to get matters cleared up, and attend to the mail here. Daily men from Germany, France and other lands come and go, and every one comes to get something out of our "arsenal." Today we sent out 140 pounds of French tracts for the fortress of Belfort, in France. At the same time we sent about the same amount of literature to Karlsruhe, Germany, in a similar effort.

BROTHER STETTLER'S SCHOOL BIBLE CLASS, 1950

With joy and at the same time with pity I daily see my stock of literature melt away, and get on my knees to ask the Heavenly Father whether He has seen that new stocks and new literature and new funds are needed to supply what is lacking. I have bills for some time in advance, and had pledged myself not to print until they had all been cleared away. This morning I got weak again and ordered 30,000 French tracts. God forgive me! Orders for two hundred pounds of literature are cut to forty pounds, and thus we fight a constant battle. This is our big burden, besides many others. As a whole there are wonderful opportunities. Remarkable letters come daily to my desk, which tell of God still honoring His Word.

Thank you, one and all, who have given to make the Gospel tents possible, and for the other aspects of the work as well. God bless you.

Yours in His service,

FRED STETTLER.

Will you pause at this point in your reading, before you go on to finish the magazine, and bring the needs of God's faithful servant before Him in prayer? All the treasures of the world are His. He knows what things we have need of, before we ask Him. Then let us ask in faith, nothing doubting.

Letters Spread Before the Lord

We read that when King Hezekiah received a letter which taxed his powers to the utmost, he "went up into the house of the Lord, and spread it before the Lord" (II Kings 19.14). In a different spirit, not of anxiety, but of thankfulness, sometimes of earnest prayer, sometimes of rejoicing, we too have often had cause to lay letters before the Lord. And we have wished that

we might lay them also before the readers of our magazine, that they might rejoice with us. Some of these are simple letters, not important in themselves, save for the warm glow of friendship which emanates from them. Each paragraph below is from a different letter. We have given the location, but not the name, of the writer. And we have purposely mingled foreign and domestic letters together, without any attempt at classification, that our readers may feel even more as if they were sharing the morning's mail with us.

(Philadelphia.) God bless you ever more richly for your sacrifice. One of the many tokens you have had of His blessing is the perfectly correct accounts. Years ago an elderly saint, still working hard, said to me, "I am still going to school." Your testimony is "increased joy." I have found, as you, that for everything our Wonderful Lord takes, He gives something infinitely better. God Himself inspired your endeavor to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. May He ever perpetuate this spirit in the Fellowship and its friends; and may He give you the hundred-fold of His promise.

(Russian Zone, Germany.) I would like to express my hearty thanks and gratitude for the wonderful gift: the Bibles. We received thirty copies with joy. They are so nice, such good paper, and first of all, you should just see how happy the persons who are getting them are. Many are taking them with tears of joy in their eyes, that they have a Bible of their own again. One woman said when receiving the Bible: "Today I will read this Bible till one o'clock at night, at least." My aunt wanted to know if she would not fall asleep when she was reading so late at night. Then the woman answered, "When I read the Bible, I never fall asleep." I am asking the Lord to open the eyes and hearts of this people to see the love of God as revealed to them in His Word.

(British Zone, Germany.) I didn't know who was the good friend who gave you our name and address. But we were very thankful to receive the package of clothing, which is very useful for us, and we appreciated very much the kindness and the international brotherhood shown. You have done much for the pacification of the world and for the encouraging of our own souls. We thank you for all this great physical and spiritual help. We are a Protestant congregation of 3600 souls, among a Catholic population of 62,000 souls in six places. I am the pastor of this congregation. We have among our number a great many refugees. These people arrive without any clothing or shoes, and it is nearly impossible for them to find houses. We think that the inner contact is the most important result of this material help. The name of your Fellowship is a very important contribution to the pacification of the world. May the Lord bless you and your work.

(And enclosed with the above letter was a child's, written in laboriously careful English.) I thank you ever so much for the nice shoes I have got by our clergyman. I had no shoes for my confirmation and my mother did not know what to do. And now she has given my shoes to the shoemaker, that he should mend them. Now they are quite in order, and I am so glad, I can't say it. My parents and I thank you so much for them, it was really quite impossible to get some anyhow.

(New York.) Thanks for your letter, and at last I have the package ready to send tomorrow if it does not rain. As people give me things, or if I can spare something of my own, it goes in the box. Now someone gave me a doll, it was one of those soft rubber ones. It is broken, but I put it in, as I thought maybe someone could fix it and some child would love it. There were no dresses, so I hunted up some material with a spool of thread and needle and put that in, so the material goes with the doll to make it some

clothes. There is also a can of unsweetened cocoa and I put a pound package of sugar to go with that. Also meant to get some condensed milk, but failed to get that. Some of the things were old-fashioned, but thought they could use the material. Have the promise of more things. Only wish I had more money to send. May God bless and strengthen you for every new day.

(British Zone, Germany.) It is with great joy and gratitude that I can inform you that a CARE-parcel arrived here safely. You have again given us the greatest pleasure by this kind service, and we thank you most heartily for all the nice foods. It is our Lord who has given you the privilege to render so much pleasure to needy people. Though, compared with the last year, the general situation in our distressed district has already somewhat changed for the better, only those people who have sufficient means at their disposal are enjoying this improvement. Therefore your practical help means an important economic assistance in our getting on, and we thank you once more most heartily for your love. A short time ago we had a successful evangelization at Velbert, lasting a fortnight. The large tent, containing 1000 seats, did not suffice for the great number of attendants. Therefore the sides of the tent had to be opened. Many souls asked for God. Yes: he who provides for the life, but takes no care for eternity, is wise for a moment, but a fool forever.

(Russian Zone, Germany.) At the beginning of Easter your package from the Stuttgart Bible Society arrived, with fifteen beautiful Bibles, and today we again received thirty Testaments and Scripture portions. What an indescribable treasure! I am completely subdued and overwhelmed. My Father in Heaven is rich in goods and in gold: may He reward you abundantly. Accept a thousand thanks from us. I will distribute the Bibles carefully, giving them only to people who will really read them, not put them away in their bookcases. The little Gospels are splendid for my school children: then they can read the Bible stories over. To the mothers I will give Testaments and Bibles. Many have lost their Bibles in their flight; they will be doubly thankful. God, the true God, reward you for this.

(British Zone, Germany.) We have seen the love of Jesus, by which He has cared for us. We came here absolutely naked and empty. We did not have so much as a handkerchief, nor shoes, we were entirely barefoot, nothing but a torn coat over our naked bodies. For three days we had not a taste of food, nor did we have a penny in cash. O Lord, Thou knowest how it was with us. And behold, dear brethren who saw our need divided the little that they had with us. So the Lord has preserved us up to this present day.

(Russian Zone, Germany.) A short time ago we received a second package, with clothing, through your kindness. We want to express our thanks to you with all our hearts. As we have three daughters, we could use the women's clothes very well. I thank you very much for the two dresses, which fit me very well. One of them, the velvet one, I put on for last Sunday, which we here in Germany celebrated as Mother's Day. Our children brought me a beautiful bunch of lilacs, which was placed on the coffee-table, and the youngest recited a lovely poem. I had on the lovely velvet dress from your package, and it was just the same color as the lilacs, only a few shades darker. The children marvelled to see their Mamma in such a beautiful dress.

(Berlin.) I received your good letter with your Easter greetings and your words of sympathy. I thank you heartily for it. On the 27th of February I went to my mother's grave. There was a terrible snow-storm over Berlin, so that all the graves were covered with snow. I took the snow off from the grave with my hands and put my flowers on it. Just in this moment the snow-storm stopped and the sun came out. I took it for a greeting from her.

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS—April and May, 1950

34077--$75.00 34108--$75.00 34139--$30.00 34170--$25.00
34078----5.00 34109----2.00 34140----1.00 34171----2.00
34079----1.00 34110----1.00 34141---15.00 34172----5.00
34080---50.00 34111---10.00 34142---10.00 34173---20.00
34081---10.00 34112----3.00 34143---10.00 34174----1.00
34082---50.00 34113----5.00 34144---10.00 34175---10.00
34083---10.00 34114----1.00 34145--100.00 34176---15.00
34084---10.00 34115----5.00 34146---10.00 34177---25.00
34085----1.00 34116---20.00 34147---50.00 34178----1.00
34086----1.10 34117----1.00 34148---75.00 34179---75.00
34087---10.00 34118----3.00 34149---10.00 34180----2.00
34088----2.00 34119---10.00 34150----2.00 34181---50.00
34089---10.00 34120----5.00 34151----3.00 34182---10.00
34090----2.00 34121---15.00 34152---10.00 34183----1.00
34091---25.00 34122---60.00 34153----1.00 34184---10.00
34092----5.00 34123----1.00 34154---22.40 34185---25.00
34093----1.00 34124---10.00 34155----5.00 34186---50.00
34094---10.00 34125----1.00 34156----5.00 34187---50.00
34095---10.00 34126---50.00 34157----2.00 34188----5.00
34096---75.00 34127---75.00 34158----1.00 34189----2.00
34097----2.00 34128---20.00 34159-----.50 34190---20.00
34098----5.00 34129---10.00 34160----2.00 34191---10.00
34099---50.00 34130----5.00 34161----1.00 34192---10.00
34100----2.00 34131---50.00 34162----2.00 34193---30.00
34101----3.00 34132---10.00 34163---25.00 34194---25.00
34102----5.00 34133---10.00 34164---15.00 34195----5.00
34103---46.94 34134----2.00 34165---10.00 34196----5.00
34104----2.00 34135---10.00 34166---10.00 34197----1.00
34105----8.75 34136----5.00 34167---25.00 34198---35.00
34106---75.00 34137----8.75 34168----5.00 34199---50.00
34107---35.00 34138----2.00 34169----2.00 34200----6.88

Day by day, and with each passing moment,
Strength I find to meet my trials here;
Trusting in my Father's wise bestowment,
I've no cause for worry or for fear.
He, whose heart is kind beyond all measure,
Gives unto each day what He deems best,
Lovingly, its part of pain and pleasure,
Mingling toil with peace and rest.
Every day the Lord Himself is near me,
With a special mercy for each hour;
All my cares He fain would bear, and cheer me,
He whose name is Counsellor and Power.
The protection of His child and treasure
Is a charge that on Himself He laid:
"As thy days, thy strength shall be in measure."—
This the pledge to me He made.
Help me then, in every tribulation,
So to trust Thy promises, O Lord,
That I lose not faith's sweet consolation,
Offered me within Thy holy Word.
Help me, Lord, when toil and trouble meeting,
E'er to take, as from a father's hand,
One by one, the days, the moments fleeting,
Till I reach the promised land.

—*Selected.*